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TWELVE PAGES

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1899.

FAITH IN THE PEOPLE CANNOT FAIL!

The political or party Republican of to-day is denationalized, denaturalized and demoralized. Not so, however, with the Republican people. They are like the Democratic people in everything except those opinions and sentiments which, in the Democrats, put the people, their rights and interests first, and in the Republicans, put the government, its power and glory, as the chief objects of the good citizen. The Democratic creed best develops and secures popular good; the Republican—governmental or official preference and preeminence.

This difference arises from the very genesis of the two parties: the Democratic party was born of a strife for human right and liberty against the pretensions and powers of official and governmental usurpation on part of the British crown; the Republican, in a struggle to maintain the Federal unity and control with the efforts of States and people to establish a separate autonomy. The difference, therefore, is natural, logical and inevitable. Nevertheless, the Republican tendency to exalt the government above the governed, is dangerous and injurious to the people, no matter how honest and patriotic it may be; but it is the more dangerous and injurious because the party politicians and partisans take advantage of it to further their own designs of pelf and power at the cost of the common weal.

The Democracy considers the people and looks to them in every hour of trial or peril; Republicanism leans on the government and its powers, with no regard for the people except as subjects whom loyalty and patriotism may dupe, or arms force, to maintain and shout for an officiality or an administration against the people and their government as represented, not by partizanry, but by the common will, or public opinion, as defined by the people under the supreme constitution.

But the people of no party, if honest and intelligent, are the thralls of party and politicians always. A time comes that compels every good citizen to remember that he is an American sovereign rather than a slave or party—Republican or Democrat—with powers and duties vested in him in sacred trust for his country, its rights and interests; and when that time comes, the partizan in office, or in arms, may well fear that the people, without regard to party, intend to resume government and make it conform to the general welfare, honor and freedom.

Such a time is now. The honor, the liberty and the welfare of the land and its citizens demand deliverance from the miserable maladministration that is a foul shame, an afflictive burden, and a growing peril to all our cherished institutions. Not party, but patriotism, appeals to every true man in this important crisis; and "we the people" are the masters of the situation and responsible for its results;—nor will the people fail the reliance placed in them.

ONE SUN; ONE LIGHT!

The N. Y. Sun continues to render final judgment in all disputes, with neatness and dispatch. Its jurisdiction is the universe, and it deals summarily with all matters of time and eternity, great and small, as if with equal eye it observed all things, decided all things, explained all things, directed all things, infallibly and without appeal. Religion, politics, business, science, art, and all international, national, State, social, domestic and personal affairs are on its list, with the final word for every case that can possibly arise. How happy are they who undoubtingly accept the Sun!

Alas, this wicked world, for its sins, will not accept the Sun unanimously! There are actually a number of insolent dissenters who deny the conclusions of the Sun (and it has nothing but finalities in stock), and actually abuse it as a charlatan and a disguised imposter, with patent cure-alls in its pockets!

Yet the Sun is a bright and shining light, especially in all the dark places where the ordinary human vision grows dim and uncertain; and even we who doubt cannot but admire the cheek with which it meets and overcomes all the errors that dare arise in its pathway. Great luminary! impart to us but a scintilla of the faith you have in yourself, and we shall unite in an appeal to the powers, that we fear exist in spite of you, to extinguish all inferior lights at once!

THE CURRENCY REFORM.

We are authoritatively assured that the currency program of the next Congress is as follows:

The redemption of all obligations of the government in gold on demand.

Greenbacks, when once redeemed for gold, to be re-issued only for gold.

Permitting national banks to issue notes to the par value of their government bonds deposited in the Treasury, instead of 90 per cent., as at present.

Permitting the minimum capital of National Banks to be $25,000 instead of $50,000, as at present.

That is, to establish the single gold standard by law, as against the government, though the government has entered into no gold contracts in any of her debts or obligations.

Second: to retire the remaining greenbacks, (which are a favorite currency with the people) for gold, which does not circulate among the people, and cannot do so except at too great a cost, and thus further contract the currency available for general use, as the notes are only to be re-issued to those who offer gold for them.

Third: to allow the national banks to have, not merely 90 per cent. of the amount of bonds deposited in the Treasury to secure circulation, but the whole amount in national bank-notes, to supply a currency at from 6 to 12 per cent. per annum, instead of greenbacks to keep down taxes at no charge nor interest. There is no hint that the people would take these notes at current interest (THE BANKS HAVE THEM FREE!) and relieve the banks of all trouble.

And fourth and last: national banks in every village and at every crossroads, with capitals of $25,000, to get everybody into their debt and devour the country as well as the cities. No State banks are suggested, nor any relief from the Federal tax of ten per cent. on old home institutions, of the people, by the people, for the people.

That is the Republican programme of currency reform, and what else, in the same line, they may do depends only on the blindness and folly of a people who are in the hands of sharpers, and submit to everything. Great God! is there no hand to save the people from this system of bare-faced robbery?

PUT ICE ON THEIR HEADS!

Neither doctors of medicine nor divinity have yet urged the shaving of the human head as a moral remedy. Yet it might be tried with good effect on those apostate Americans who have abandoned the worship of the goddess of liberty, and gone over to Mammon and the cruel cult of imperialism and subjugation. The head-shaving might fail utterly on these people as a mental or intellectual relief, but it might prove effective and beneficial morally, because the moral sense, as a rule, precedes the intellectual and survives it.

Moral insanity and idiocy are more prevalent than is usually believed, and there are some who do not think that insanity and idiocy have any moral dependence at all, except indirectly through the intellect; but this is being rapidly shown to be a great mistake, and that, perhaps, immorality and lapses in the moral sense and character lead more frequently to the worst lunacy than other causes. Moral aberrations, too, as parents, teachers, doctors, laws and all experience demonstrate, are more amenable to physical treatment than mental obliquities, even in a few cases where cold or cooling applications seem equally alleviating physically, morally and mentally. If we could only send the imperialists and their beef, in time, to one of the frigid poles! There is great reason to believe that the imperial lunacy and the beef poison originated in excessive heat, and might be prevented by the cold process.

"We wonder if the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs believes in Jonah now?"—N. Y. Sun.

The question has never arisen about Jonah himself, as we understand it, but about that fish story. Did he tell it on himself, or was it told on him?

What regiments have we got that are immedately available for British imperial aggression in the Transvaal? It seems that the Dutchmen out there have been objecting to British treachery and plotting against them, and English honor can't stand that. The sensibilities of wolves must be respected by lambs.

Peffer's return to the Republican party, it is feared, may make that organization too top-heavy. He may shave, however, to allay alarm.

The Peace Jubilee at Washington has too much war in its celebration: soldiers, guns, cannons and salt-petre, with all their martial noises, continually disturbing the peace.

The Filipino tiger has been forced to succumb to the American lamb, and beg for terms of peace. Tigers must learn to beware of lambs of the American variety.

The Peace Conference at The Hague already shows an inclination to say little of disarming, and to devote all energies to mediation and arbitration. Even the beaten Cubans are opposed to disarming.

In tracing his family name from that of the Asterga family of Spain, Mr. Waldorf Astor omits to state that his Spanish ancestors have usually doubled the S in their name in abbreviating it. But it sounds loud enough in his voice.

Snow still obstructs the railroads in the mountains of Colorado, and dynamite is freely used in aid of snow-shovels. In the meantime, in the East, ice-combines and trusts are forming rapidly. It is a cool spring.

The Cubans persist in assuming that they have licked somebody.—Washington Post.

It seems, however, that in Washington Post's estimation, the greatest crime of the Cubans is that they will not do any American boot-licking, if they can help it.

Hang somebody for these frequent ocean disasters—if necessary, without judge or jury. It will have to come to that, sooner or later, and the sooner, the fewer lives will be thus thrown away through carelessness, or to gain an hour or two on the "record" in crossing the Atlantic.

The Republican combine in Ohio against Hanna grows larger and fiercer daily. But Hanna relies serenely on the trusts that have capitalized the Republican party, not only of Ohio, but of all the larger Northern States. Are the Republican voters included in the trust deal? They should look into the matter.

The Nebraska regiment now on duty in the Philippines counts only 300 men, or less, to-day. Last year it arrived at Manila 1,200 strong. But this sacrifice of 900 men in one year from one regiment has made one or two Nebraskan officers quite notorious. Nebraska wants glory, not peace. So we are told.

The form of government proposed by the American Commissioners to the Filipinos is absolute despotism so far as they are concerned. The President and Military Governor are of unlimited power; and judges and all are American, except an advisory board of "mixed" Americans and Filipinos to amuse the Filipinos, if they are to be pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. In the forum of intelligent justice, those men who have shaped this business against the Filipinos are guilty of the basest treachery to man and the meanest crime against liberty ever perpetrated.

Every rational person has a respect for wealth and money, unless he has some special reason to the contrary, and his regard for the lucre grows with every thousand dollars added to its merits. As the thermometer rises or falls with mere or less heat in the air, so one's affection expands or contracts wth more or less money in the pockets of the object of his devotion. This is not so obvious in all persons. Some feign an indifference, like the cat that has apparently fallen into profound slumber as she watches the mouse-hole; others, like the last Harrison in the White House, worship God and Mammon with an equal and nicely regulated fervidity, and are hot or cold as the subject of their attentions is sanctified by a big bank-account, or rendered wicked by the smallness thereof. Bliss, (Cornelius M.) is secured and estimated in dollars, and is a fine illustration of Republican principle and principal, if not of human nature with pockets.

According to the N. Y. Sun and the Richmond Times, it was not until the latter days of the 19th century that virtue and wisdom found a full and perfect exponent and representative—and that in the trust! So. That is, they say so; and on that proposition they found not only the perfection of all things controled by the trust, but the perfectibility of human nature. But,—suppose trusts should betray human and other imperfections? Suppose they shoud not exhibit the unalloyed wisdom predicated of them? Or fail in that scrupulous honesty and virtue imputed to them?

"Ah, but," say the Sun and the Times, with that confiding simplicity that is so attractive and pleasing in infants,—"honesty is the best policy; and the trusts will not only make all their commodities of the best materials and in the best manner, but will sell them at the lowest prices, having no competition as thus they will profit most on the smallest prices and quickest returns."

All of which sounds suspiciously like a quotation from the prospectus of the latest swindle. Meanwhile, where is the newly discovered land where business is done on this policy? Whence all this fraud and adulteration?

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DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON.

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POPULAR STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

XIV.—TOLSTOI.

REVIEW OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

BY THOMAS MARC PARROTT, PH. D.
(Princeton University.)

Russian literature, like the Russian nation, entered late into the confederation of culture built up in western Europe. Even to-day it has not wholly sloughed off the marks of its barbaric origin. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," says the proverb, and even in the works of the noblest Russian author we find at times a primeval wildness, at times an abjectness of renunciation which are alike impossible to the nations of the west. The late introduction of Christianity, the centuries of internal anarchy, the deluge of the Tartar invasion, are sufficient causes to account for the tardy development of Russia. It is not till the reign of Peter the Great (1689-1725) that she definitely enters the European arena, and with Peter Russian literature begins, for we may discard entirely the mass of folk lore, legends, epic ballads, pseudo-science, and Greek theology, that existed in manuscript before his time. These are not without interest as the product of a barbarous and semi-Asiatic people, but from the time of Peter the Great, Russia in literature as in history, belongs to the western world.

We may divide Russian literature, beginning at this time, into three periods: The first, from the reign of Peter to the second decade of the nineteenth century—a period of imitation and would-be classicism. The second, covering about a score of years—a period of romanticism, taking its tone from England and Germany, but dealing for the most part with Russian themes. The third, and by far the most important—a period of realism, beginning with Gogol's Cossack stories, (1830), and still continuing in Tolstoi's latest tales of Russian peasant life.

The first period need not detain us. It was a period of awakening, a Russian renaissance. The great Czar and his followers set themselves resolutely to the transformation of the Russian people. The literature of the period was the servant of the rulers of the state, and devoted itself to the realization of their ideals, social and political. It was a literature of education, crowded with translations and adaptations from foreign tongues, ridiculing the benighted conservatives who still clung to the good old ways of barbarism. But it was a literature without originality or national self-consciousness. The ideas of the French philosophers dominated the intellectual life of Russia, and the classic forms in their new French dress, were the sole patterns of literary art.

The second period opens to the reign of Alexander I. The literary circles of Russia had caught the passion for romance, kindled in the eighteenth century by the German poets, and fanned into flame by the wars of the Napoleonic era. Its beginning is marked by a flood of translations from Buerger, Schiller, Moore and Byron. Along with this passion for romance came the newly awakened spirit of nationality—due in great part to the role Russia had played in the overthrow of Napoleon. And in the first original poet of the period, the first Russian poet to become known beyond the borders of his fatherland, the famous and unhappy Pushkin, both these notes are blended into harmony of surprising sweetness.

Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837), "the Byron of Russia," was the descendant by the mother's side of Hannibal, the negro slave whom Peter the Great made a Russian nobleman. As a child he was nourished on the old Russian legends and folk songs, at the same time devouring the French library of his father. This is typical enough of his after life, distracted between his genuine Russian love for simple, unspoiled characters and for the wild and gloomy aspects of nature, and his insatiable craving for the dissipations of a licentious and Gallicized society, such as Tolstoi has described in "War and Peace." As a youth he become notorious for his excesses, and was banished from court by Alexander I. In company with several friends he journeyed to the Caucasus, and the deep impression made upon him by the wonderful mountain scenery mingled with and confirmed the influence of Byron, whose works he now read for the first time. His poems of the next few years (1821-1824), "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," "The Robber Band," "The Gypsies," and others, show most plainly the influence of Byron in their romantic and gloomy heroes and their defiance of the conventionalities of society. Pushkin was received into imperial favor in 1825 by the new Czar, Nicholas I., and at once became the lion of the literary world of Moscow. His drama "Boris Godunow" (1831), a historical play modeled after Shakespeare, raised him to the highest rank of Russian poets. Perhaps his most famous work is "Eugen Onegin," an autobiographical satire, composed at intervals during a period of seven or eight years. It is a scathing attack upon Russian society as Pushkin knew it, diversified by humorous, romantic and sentimental episodes, after the fashion of its prototype, "Don Juan." Pushkin met his fate in a duel, a victim to the conventions of a society he despised, but was not able to rise above.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

The third period begins with Nikolai Gogol (1809-52). He was by birth a Cossack, and after a troubled and poverty-stricken youth, spent partly on the steppes and partly in the alleys of St. Petersburg, he attracted the attention of Pushkin. On the latter's advice he began a series of sketches of Cossack life, "Evenings at a Farm." He followed these with a number of stories of life in the capital—the narrow, crushing, hopeless struggle for existence of the petty official, the unknown artist, and the social outcast. Along with much that is fantastic and exaggerated there appears in these tales for the first time in Russian literature a sense of the realities of life. Gogol is the Russian Dickens, in his lively humor, his tendency to caricature and his sympathy with the poorer classes. His prose epic, "Taras Bulba," is the story of the Cossack wars with Poland. His comedy, "The Inspector," is a fierce satire on the corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy of Russia. In his masterpiece, the realistic novel "Dead Souls" (1842), he combined all the qualities that had marked his earlier work—fancy, humor, satire, and sympathy—and added to these a conscious realism and power of characterization that were absolutely new. The success of the book was instantaneous, and its effect upon succeeding writers incalculable. Gogol is the father of the Russian novel as it exists to-day. He said of himself: "I have studied human life as it really is—not in the dreams of the imagination." Gogol's realism, it must be admitted, is of a somewhat crude type, uninspired by any controlling ideal. Such an ideal we find in the work of his successor, Dostoyevsky. Not that the latter is untrue to life; on the contrary, his grasp on reality is firmer than Gogol's own.

Feodor Dostoyevsky (1821--1881) was born in a charity hospital in Moscow. From his earliest years he was "a frail bundle of irritable nerves," subject to epileptic attacks and horrible hallucinations. His first novel, "Poor People," (1846) attracted the attention of the foremost critic of Russia, who saw in him the successor of Gogol. In fact, this first work shows Gogol's influence more plainly than any other. But a new note is struck in its passionate sympathy for human suffering, a sympathy that extends not only to physical ill-being, but to the deeper sorrows of shame, disgrace, and grinding poverty, whose bitterness had sunk deep into the author's soul. In 1849 Dostoyevsky and a number of his friends were arrested on the charge of high treason. After eight months of almost unbroken solitary confinement he with twenty others was condemned to death, a sentence which was commuted on the scaffold to exile to Siberia. His crime had been his connection with a free-thinking and careless-spoken students' club, where the forbidden topics of government, society and religion were debated by a group of youthful theorists. In Siberia Dostoyevsky spent five years in prison and four as a private in the army. In the tenth he returned to Russia a changed man. He never complained of the injustice of his sentence. On the contrary he thanked the Czar who had saved him, so he said, from a course that would have ended in madness. In his prison he had pored over the pages of the New Testament, the one book allowed him, and had become a sincere convert to the religion of sorrow, suffering, and resignation. He had discarded all his theories of revolt and ideal reforms, and now preached the passive endurance so characteristic of the Russian race.

His first work after his return, "Memoirs of a Dead House," or "Buried Alive," is an autobiographic novel, recounting under a thin veil of fiction his experience in Siberia. In the misery of his exile he had come to recognize the brotherhood of man even among the lowest criminals, and as a result he became, as has been well said, the poet of the proletariat, the advocate of the dumb and helpless pariah. In 1866 he published his great work, "Crime and Punishment," "the profoundest psychological study since Macbeth." Faulty as the book often is—Dostoyevsky was a reporter rather than an artist, and never revised or corrected his work—its superb grasp of character, its profound insight into the hidden places of the heart, and, above all, its boundless passion of sympathy, make it one of the greatest novels of all times and races. The keynote is struck where the hero falls before the outcast Sonya and kisses her feet. To her startled outcry, "What are you doing? That—to me!" he answers, "Not to you alone do I prostrate myself, but to the whole agony of the human race." The effect of the novel was simply overwhelming. "All Russia was made ill by it," and, indeed, it is not a book to recommend to readers with weak nerves.

Dostoyevsky's later works show a falling off from the heights attained in "Crime and Punishment." He became a Pan-Slavist of the most pronounced type, attacked with increasing bitterness all the ideals of western civilization, and denounced the political conceptions of the nihilists, against whom his "Possessed of Devils" (1873) was directed. At the time of his death he was, however, the most popular author in Russia, exerting an influence almost incredible to the western mind. It is said that 40,000 people followed him to his grave.

Note.—This study will be continued June 1.

EXAMINATIONS AND CERTIFICATES.

At the end of the term of seventeen weeks, a series of questions on each course, prepared by Professor Seymour Eaton, will be published in the Virginian-Pilot, and blanks containing the questions will be furnished every subscriber making application for same. Two weeks will be allowed after the courses close, for the receipt of examination papers containing answers. These papers will be referred to a Board of Examiners, who will assist Professor Eaton, and as soon as the work of examination is complete, the result will be reported, and certificates issued to the students entitled to them.